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STONE WALLS



100-15-91

Stone Walls is about a sense of place. Fifteen years ago I founded *Stone Walls*. Its purpose was not so important then as it is now. *Stone Walls* identifies those qualities of the Berkshire Hilltowns which make them unique: their physical characteristics, human stories, family businesses, and knowledge passed down from one generation to another.

A sense of place is what geography is. United States children today have been deemed illiterate in geography, according to a recent National Geographic survey. If we think about it, if we look around us, we can understand why. "Definitions of place" right in the backyards of our children are being eliminated at an alarming speed. A thriving

orchard becomes a condominium complex; an old mill becomes a mall; a sugar house becomes a gift shop. As the landmarks disappear which once made rural New England different from rural Pennsylvania, children begin to expect that the world is a homogeneous landscape of Western conveniences. Luckily it is not; maybe even less so here than in other parts of New England.

So, let us cherish our Hilltowns; let us draw attention to our quirks and idiosyncrasies; let us continue to record with pride this independent way of life which we have chosen as our own. It will persist just as surely as the stone walls which define its boundaries.

—Ellie Lazarus

Cover illustration by Natalie Birrell

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Annual Report

June 30, 1990

Balance - July 1, 1989 \$2,034.14

July 1, 1989 - July 1, 1990

INCOME

Subscriptions	\$1,631.00
Interest	110.29
Sales	1,437.04
Ads	\$582.00
Gifts	1,140.00
Total Income	<u>\$4,900.33</u>

Total Assets 6,934.47

EXPENSES

Printing and Typesetting	\$4,938.51
Postage	116.25
Permits and Fees	113.00
Misc. Supplies	8.33
Total Expenses	\$5,176.09

Total Expenses 5,176.09

Balance - July 1, 1990 \$1,758.38



Weddings and Parties — 1900–1925

Huntington, MA

By Pamela C. Donovan-Hall

I belong to the baby boom generation. During the 1960's, my generation caused and lived through "flower power," the peace sign, hippies, the Beatles, and long hair. We were the generation that broke away from tradition and added individuality to our events. Even at weddings, couples wrote their own vows and the ceremony was performed in other places instead of the church. We were the unique generation, or so we thought.

The ladies of the early 20th century had it all over us! They seemed to give arrangements more thought, paying close attention to detail. This made their celebrations a lot more interesting and meaningful.

Bridal Showers

Announcements of a forthcoming marriage were usually published in the local paper. However, one local young lady announced her engagement to a Boston man in a most unusual way. Edith Savoit invited 18 of her girlfriends to her home on a Saturday evening in 1910 for a buffet. Each friend drew a souvenir, and Nellie Haley picked out a dove with a ring carrying the message, "Letting the cat out of the bag."

A shower was held in 1923 for Grace Tracey, who was to marry William Percy. A musical program, dancing, and a buffet supper was served.

The shower for Faith Fiske in 1913 was certainly different. A small boy dressed as a mail carrier, his pouch filled with gifts, delivered them to the bride-to-be as though they had come through regular mail.

When the ladies gathered for a shower for Mabel Converse in Oct. 1910, a line was strung across the parlor and gifts were hung on it with clothespins. Mabel was presented with a white apron and clothes basket, and had to "take in her wash."

An arbor was made for Isabel Gibbs in 1915 and the gifts were tied to it by long yellow and white ribbons. On the other end of the ribbons hung red hearts, all bearing a good luck verse.

When Lillian Crum was to marry Raymond Dunn in 1920, she was led into the parlor blindfolded. As a "fairy" directed her to the center of the room, a large hoop suspended from the chandelier was lowered over Lillian's head, all the gifts being fastened to the hoop.

Weddings

There seemed to be two types of weddings during this period: Simple and Elaborate.

A couple's financial status did not seem to be the deciding factor, either.

Simple

Some of the simple weddings were held at the church on a Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday morning, usually by 9:00. Wedding breakfasts were held after the ceremony at the bride's home, the Hotel Wealthy in Springfield, or the Park Square Hotel in Westfield.

Dark blue or brown suits were worn by the bride with a picture or beaver hat completing the outfit. Very few brides wore white gowns and lilies-of-the-valley were the most popular flowers carried.



Timing of the ceremony was very important. Catherine Malally and Frank Rock were married at St. Thomas Church Christmas morning in 1910 at 8:00 and left for Albany on the 8:39 train. The wedding ceremony of Victoria Perrault and Frank X. Monat was performed on a Tuesday in 1915 at 5:00 a.m.

When Helen Sweeney was married, in a colored suit, to David LaBombard in 1913 her maid of honor wore a white suit and hat. Both the bride and her maid of honor wore white dresses and white hats at the wedding of Dorothy La Bree and William Aldrich in May of 1912.

Most of the simple weddings during this period were held at the bride's home, usually on a Saturday afternoon. At these weddings, the brides wore white gowns. The couples were married under an arch made of evergreen or laurel and the house was decorated with flowers and candles. A reception was held after the ceremony.

Isabelle Drake and Ralph Cole were married on Goss Hill in 1909 on a Wednesday at noon. The bridal party stood in front of a bank of laurel and under a bell and arch entwined with the same.



Ralph and Isabelle Cole

A piazza wedding was held at Otho Fisk's "Terrace Farm" in 1918 when his daughter, Ruth, married Maurice Thrasher. The Parks House, a local hotel, catered the event.

Tradition carried on at the wedding of Dorothy Munson and Charles Blackman in 1920 when they were married at the Golden Glow Farm on Bromley Road. Miss Munson wore a veil that had been worn by her grand-aunt. The veil was "caught up" with orange blossoms which had been worn by her grandmother.

The marriage plans of Miss Mary Billieu and George LaFond had to be hastened in March of 1922. It seems that the mother of the groom knew that she was dying and her greatest desire was to see her only son marry before she passed away. They were quickly married at St. Thomas Church on March 18, 1922. Mrs. Melenia LaFond died 12 days later at age 59.

The Phillips family living on Worthington Road (now the home by Donovan Bros.) was busier than most on Friday Nov. 7, 1912. Their daughter, Ethel, was to be married the next day to Linwood Chase at their home. There was a lot to do. As they were all bustling around in preparation of the next day, their neighbor, Mr. H. Williard Munson, came visiting in his horse and buggy. As he was just stepping out of his wagon, he complained of feeling faint. Mr. Phillips helped him to the steps of the house and sat him down, where he suddenly died.

Elaborate

Some of the more elaborate weddings were held in the early evening during the week. The brides wore white gowns, made of taffeta or satin, trimmed with pearls and a small train. Veils were also worn, most being caught up with orange blossoms. The maid of honor and bridesmaids wore gowns either yellow or pink in color.

At the wedding of Edith Savoie and Arthur Tebrault in 1910, the couple was attended by 4 bridesmaids, 4 ushers (who were women), and a maid of honor who also wore white. The wedding march was played by the

Springfield Philharmonic Orchestra!

Also in 1910, Martina Messenger and Raymond Squires were married. They had a maid of honor, 4 bridesmaids, 1 best man, 4 ushers, and 2 ring bearers. The bride was given away by her mother, who was a widow. The only jewelry worn by the bride was a pearl and sapphire necklace, a gift of the groom.

In 1915, pastel gowns were used for the 6 bridesmaids (3 were ushers) at the wedding of Isabelle Gibbs and Harold Fisk. The reception was held at the chapel with the High School Orchestra furnishing the music.

The first reported solemn nuptial mass ever held in the town of Huntington was at the wedding of Edna Whalen and Fred Kirby in July 1912. This mass was performed by the bride's brother, Rev. William L. Whalen of the Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

An authentic Greek wedding was held on a Sunday afternoon in July 1912 at the Town Hall. A priest from the Greek Church officiated at the wedding of Ellen Diamond of town and Charles Petrides of Holyoke.

When Howard Dexter Lyman of town and Lydia Wentworth of Natick were married here in 1909, they were attended by 2 flower girls who strewed flowers in the path of the bridal party, 2 ribbon bearers who unwound ribbon in the same path, a bridesmaid, best man, 5 ushers, and a ring bearer who carried the ring inside a rose. At this wedding, the bride's mother wore black.

The largest reported wedding recorded in town during this period was in Sept. 1921 when Joseph Controy and Agnes Gareau were married. Over 500 people attended the reception at the home of the bride's parents on Russell Street.

In 1915 a number of guests attended the wedding of Faith Fiske and Dr. William Eaton of Boston. He was the Second Assistant to the Surgeon-General and Consulting Surgeon at the Naval Dispensary in Washington, D.C. The bridal cake was cut with the sword of the groom.

Receptions were usually held at the home



of the bride's parents, a formal evening dinner in the house or a buffet dinner under large tents, some which were strung with Japanese lanterns or electric lights.

At these weddings, honeymoons were mentioned more. Mr. and Mrs. Woodfork went on a 4-week honeymoon; Mr. and Mrs. Squires were traveling to Pennsylvania and Washington, D.C. for 6 weeks, whereas Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisk's destination was kept a secret.

The gifts within the wedding party in both types of weddings were quite expensive. The usual gift from the bride to her attendants were pearls, wristwatches, lockets with diamonds, and opal or ruby rings. The children received gold coins. The gifts from the groom to his best man and ushers were usually gold card cases, stickpins, or gold cuff links.

Birthday and Anniversary Parties

Most of these parties were a drop-in event. Usually the person or couple were lured out of their homes, only to return to a houseful of well-wishers.

A surprise party for the 80th birthday of Mrs. Augusta Stowell was held at the home of Mrs. H. Willard Munson in 1910. Since this was on Valentine's Day, 40 guests were presented with a heart bearing an appropriate motto. Other birthdays were celebrated privately, as when Uncle Joe Watson of Chester, celebrating his 95th birthday, took a 4½ mile walk.

Other Parties

An Old Fashioned Party was hosted by Mrs. Munson in 1911; the guests wore old time gowns and clothes. The Thimble Club held their quilting party at the home of Mrs. George Fairman on a Saturday afternoon in 1912. Their husbands served them an oyster supper that evening at 6:00 p.m.

In August of 1912, the Norwich Hill Church held its annual fair at North Hall. This fair had an unusual theme, as all the tables represented a holiday. The refreshment stand was draped with flags and bunting in honor of Independence Day. The ladies managing this table wore crepe paper hats ornamented with firecrackers. Flags, hatchets, and cherries, as well as a portrait of George Washington, represented this holiday at the dessert booth. Labor Day was represented by the work of the ladies; aprons, rugs, and homemade items were displayed.

A fortune teller inside a gypsy tent made it seem like Halloween. Jack-O-Lanterns hung from the forest branches surrounding the tent, as a black cat sat by a log fire at the tent door. Judging by the smiling faces of those who left the tent, the fortune teller was indeed full of good news for all. Women dressed in Puritan costumes tended the Thanksgiving table where good things to eat were sold. This booth was decorated with pumpkins, wheat, apples, and field corn. Valentine's Day represented the ladies' fancy work. Hearts, trailing vines, and crepe paper decorated this table. A Christmas tree decorated with horns and other musical instruments, as well as toys for children, stood in the Christmas corner.

It seems that this generation didn't need many excuses to throw a party. Tea parties, neighborhood sugar eats, and corn husking parties were common. Comet parties and Leap Year parties were planned accordingly.

I was poring through my volumes of copies of *The Valley Echo*, gathering my research for this article, when my 13-year-old niece came to visit. As I tried to clear a place at the table for Kelley to sit down, she asked me what I was doing. "I'm planning your wedding, dear, for the year 2000," I said, "and do I have some unique ideas!"



William Cullen Bryant

by William G. Atkins

*The following article was taken from a small book entitled *Records of the Old Folks' Association of West Cummington, Mass. 1902-1909*, Vol. 2.*

*The Editorial Board noticed that William H. Shaw was the president of The Old Folks' Association for the year 1906. We believe that this man is the same William H. Shaw who wrote the diary now appearing in *Stone Walls*.*

Here in western Hampshire, on a pleasant eastern slope, near the territorial center of the town of Cummington, during the closing years of the 18th century, there dwelt Dr. Peter Bryant and wife. Dr. Bryant was one of the old-time doctors, faithfully following his profession, scholarly and refined, and his wife was also possessed of a broad intellect and was a model housekeeper. For 57 years she kept a diary, making daily notes of personal happenings and the weather, making an entry on the day of her death, which occurred May 1, 1847. One entry is of special interest. "Nov. 3, 1794. Stormy. Wind N.E. Churned. At 7 in the evening a son born." The boy was named Cullen, his whole name being William Cullen Bryant. The first few months of his life he was puny and weakly and it was feared that he would not survive the winter, but later he developed a good constitution. Except for the companionship of scholarly parents and the many visitors at the house his boyhood passed like that of most boys, though he often felt stirring within him higher thoughts than he could share with his rustic companions. The meager winter school, the meeting house, solemn and cold, the stage and postrider, bringing the weekly visits of the Hampshire Gazette, militia trainings on meeting house green, raisings, huskings, singing schools, these with hard work were the features of the time and environment in which the subject of this sketch was born and reared. But he early evinced a caliber much in advance of his associates, and when a callow youth he showed the germ which was to develop into future greatness. His "Embargo," a political satire on

the Jeffersonian administration, was among the first of his productions that attracted public attention.

In February, 1807, at the age of 12 years, he composed a poem to read at the closing exercises of the winter school, which would have done credit to one much older. It was published at the time of his death, in 1878. In 1811, at the age of 17, during his college course, he presented *Thanatopsis* to the world, and in some respects it is acknowledged as the most remarkable poem in the English language. At that time, a century ago, the clergy presented death and a future life in most repulsive terms, making one shudder at those delineations, while *Thanatopsis*, though the theme is the same, is soothing and exalting. Note how it takes away the feeling of loneliness and gloom:

*"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world; with kings,
The powerful of the earth; the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seere of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher."*

The subject is as old as humanity and will go down the ages, yet it is treated in a unique and masterly manner which takes away many of the repulsive qualities of death. Note the clear, smooth and gliding rhythm of the closing stanza:

*"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and*

soothed

*By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."*

When that poem was taking form in his mind a handsome youth might have been seen sitting in the old meeting house, listening to Parson Briggs' long sermons from the high pulpit. How little the grave and stately minister dreamed that when a hundred years should have rolled away the soliloquy of that handsome youth would be known and admired in all civilized lands while his own sonorous messages of fifty-two consecutive years would have passed with the pulpit and sounding board to a deep and common forgetfulness.

All his early poems were written in his native town and strongly appeal to nature. His "Forest Hymn," "Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood," "The Rivulet," and others, took their subjects from the old homestead, and breathe the sentiments of an inspired genius. In "The Rivulet" he describes a little brook running past the farm buildings, and how, when life was new, his little feet were attracted to its grassy side:

*"And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side."*

And comparing it with human mortality, he says:

*"Thou changest not — but, I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;"*

Continuing this sentiment further:
*"And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men."*

In his poem, "The Death of the Flowers," he beautifully pictures nature in November:

*"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the*

rabbit's tread."

How prophetic and how true to nature.

But the time came when Bryant must seek a life work and having studied law with Judge Howe in Worthington, he started late one afternoon in Dec. 1815, being then 21 years of age, to walk to the adjoining town of Plainfield to locate for the practice of law. As he climbed the hill leading to the little town, feeling lonely and forlorn over his business prospects, he saw a solitary bird winging its way through the horizon, which he watched 'till it was lost in the distance. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night his mind was full of the feelings inspired by the flight of the bird, and he wrote that imperishable poem, "To a Waterfowl." You all know the closing stanza:

*"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."*

But Plainfield did not prove a fertile field for a lawyer, and after a short sojourn there he went to Great Barrington and opened a law office, where he remained about eight years, serving a portion of that time as town clerk. It was there he wrote the memorable poem, "Monument Mountain," in which he describes in beautiful blank verse the fate of the Indian girl who loved too well. While in Great Barrington he became acquainted with Miss Fanny Fairchild, and being attracted by her personal charms, he married her. The house in which they were married, although of ancient architecture, has been preserved and is used for lodging rooms for summer visitors, being an annex to a large and fashionable hotel. On entering a little front hall, on a door at the left are the words, "Bryant Room. 1821."

Mr. Bryant placed great confidence in the judgment of his wife, as to his literary productions, and used to say that her criticisms were a good index of the success they attained.

Although successful as a lawyer, the practice of law did not fully appeal to his taste, and he abandoned that field for the broader field

of journalism, going to New York where he assumed the duties of an editor-in-chief of the New York Evening Post, being contemporary with Horace Greeley, although they differed on some issues. Never a voluminous writer, he nevertheless carried a positive influence.

Immensely long was Bryant's life, as literatus and poet. He lived two lives in his own day and generation and was pre-eminent in each, poet and editor. His fame rests mainly on his verses, but his chief merit is that he was a great and constant moral force. He made the Evening Post not only a literary authority but the high water mark of public and political morality, and the influence of half a century of such labor must be vast and far-reaching.

But with all the strenuous care necessary to maintain the duties of journalism, he found time to indulge his poetic taste and choice productions from time to time all through his life came from his pen. Who of us would think the mosquito to be a subject for a poem, but Bryant humorously says,

"But why come here

To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?

Alas! the little blood I have is dear,

And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood

Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;

On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,

Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet."

In his poem, "The Battle Field," one stanza of four lines is a perfect gem of itself, expressing as much real sentiment as sometimes covers a whole page:

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;

The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among his worshippers."

When near the close of his long life his mind was diverted to the hills of his nativity, and he re-purchased the old homestead, also the farm adjoining, which was his mother's childhood home, built and endowed a large library for the use of the town, and built new roads each way from the homestead, facilitat-

ing travel.

For several years he passed two months each summer at the homestead, claiming for the time being to be a fellow townsman. It was there that a part of his work of the translation of the *Odyssey* was done. It was his custom to attend church services at West Cummington, and in 1877, the last summer of his life, by invitation of the pastor, he addressed the Sunday School, and on another occasion he read *Thanatopsis* at the regular service. The emotions produced by hearing that grand old poem recited by its gifted author, 65 years after it was written, were very thrilling and better imagined than described.

Mr. Bryant's death occurred June 12, 1878, being caused by an accident received on the last day of his appearance in public, when he gave an address at the unveiling of a statue of the Italian Mazzini, and eight days later, very elaborate memorial exercises were held in the village church in Cummington, lasting three hours, a newspaper report of the service closing with these words: "Mr. Bryant was great and good in more respects than one, and Cummington has been justly proud to own him as her illustrious son, and America is proud in presenting him to the world. He has presented a clean record free of reproach, and what he has done for his native town, by increasing its valuation thousands of dollars, and aiding materially her educational interests, demands our unceasing tribute to his memory. And as ages after ages glide, his writings, as monuments of his greatness, will remain, and the name of William Cullen Bryant will be handed down with pride and pleasure to posterity."

In 1894 the centennial of his birth was observed by a very large gathering at the old homestead. The exercises were arranged by an able and efficient committee, and some of the best literary talent in the country was represented, including Parke Godwin, John H. Bryant, Charles Dudley Warner, Julia Ward Howe, Prof. Charles E. Norton, and President G. Stanley Hall. The chairman of the committee in his introductory remarks gave the following sentiment:

*"New England's hills, old earth's mainstay
Steadfast and reliant —
Let it forever be their boast
That they produced a Bryant."*

The principal address was given by Edwin R. Brown of Illinois, one of Cummington's sons, and was a masterly production. I cannot better close this paper than to quote his closing words on that occasion:

"Beautiful was that life of eighty-four years, in the home, in the political forum, and in the

broad fields of literature.

Beautiful was that life in these lonely pastures and silent woods; more beautiful when, laying his harp aside, he went down into the thickest of the struggle for conscience and duty and human rights.

Oh, serene and illustrious spirit! Brood forever over these thy hills, and over all our land, the guardian genius of literature and liberty, of poetry and art, and which is noble and pure and true."



Village Nurse

By Cheridah Waters, R.N.

It has been five years now since I have been retired from the Chester Community Health Service which originated in 1948.

I was born in Chester and graduated from Chester High School. I felt the need to care for and help people. Nursing was the answer, but I had no money, so I borrowed it and went off to the Brooklyn Hospital School of Nursing, an accredited hospital in New York State. I graduated in 1928.

After serving in the U.S. Army Nurse Corp



in World War II, I worked in several New York hospitals.

My father became seriously ill and I came home to take care of him. Shortly after, he died. This was in 1955.

After this short stay, and being away so long, I felt my roots were in Chester and I could not go back to New York.

Fortunately, at this time, I was approached to apply for the position of the community health nurse as there was going to be an opening. I was appointed. This included the schools and surrounding areas. Needless to say, I was elated.

We had a town doctor at the time and when the phone rang, it was always a surprise.

We had home deliveries, and once again they are becoming more popular with midwives attending and they say, what goes around, comes around.

As time went on, I was getting to know families by their first names, and when new families moved in, I would make a home visit to tell them of our well-child clinics and other services that were available. A record was kept of every child and all their immunizations and communicable diseases which followed them right through high school.

I watched these children grow, graduate, and even graduate from college.

We had all types of medical equipment to loan out, free of charge — from bedpans to hospital beds — and they were put to use constantly.

When people no longer had use for their private sick room facilities, they donated them to the health service. As a matter of fact, a few of our items are now in the Chester museum.

I had to cover about a thirty-mile radius and it was very difficult to put a note on my office door as I would try to incorporate house calls on my way to either Pittsfield or Northampton for vaccines for our clinics. Today, answering machines would do the work.

At this point, our local physician relocated, and a doctor from Ludlow read of our plight and came to Chester on a weekly basis free of charge. His services were very much appreciated, especially if you became ill on the day he was here. His practice in Ludlow was building up rapidly, so eventually, he devoted all his time to his private practice.

My job was not 8 to 5, but 24 hours a day, seven days a week. I did not take too many of my vacation days.

With no doctor available, my services were more in demand, especially for older people with no family. I took them to the doctor and if a condition such as diabetes was found, I made sure they were following their diet and taking their medication properly.

During episodes of high water, I would either make a phone call or a visit to make sure they were all right. They were ever so grateful that they were not forgotten had they needed help.

I could write a book on the minor injuries and illnesses I was called for, but to the patient it was a crisis and they needed reassurance that it wasn't as serious as they thought.

With the serious illnesses and injuries, I tried to make them comfortable and tried to keep them calm until the ambulance arrived. My presence at the time did more for them than any medication.

And then the State stepped in. We could no longer be independent nor were we self-sup-



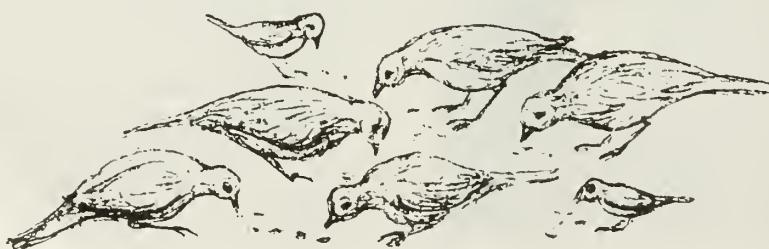
porting so we had to give up because our senior citizens could benefit from Medicare if the town became part of the Visiting Nurses' Association of Lee.

We had no alternative but to disband, so after thirty years, I retired at \$6,200 a year.

I miss my younger years in helping townspeople and I would do it again. Now when the phone rings, it is a social call and I enjoy that also.

But I am proud of the fact that I was an integral part of this town for thirty years and the townspeople, selectmen, and directors made it so.

Cheridah Waters, R.N.



Winter in the Early Thirties

By Sam Wackerborth

Previous to coming to Granville from southeastern Arizona in 1932, I had seen snow only once, so winter pastimes were new to me.

Many people in Granville were skiers, in those days before it was a national pastime. The Petersen boys, who were just older than I, skied, taught by their Norwegian mother who regularly skied down Granville hill after fresh snow, before it was plowed. Sankey Of-tedahl, who lived on that sheer plateau behind the post office, skied down for this mail into his eighties. Sunday afternoon large parties of young adults — Walter Phelon and Kay, the new teacher, among them — skied down through the water works, above the pipeline winding down the gorge into Southwick. The first year I lived in Granville I froze my feet and they have bothered me ever since.

We didn't ski, but we went skating Sunday afternoons, and on moonlit nights after the cars were all off the roads, my cousins took my sisters and me sliding down Granby road, from the Patts' house into Connecticut. It was a long slide and fun, with lots of pleasant memories, but nothing like the excitement of sliding down Granville Hill, into which I was initiated the next year.

Our second winter in Granville our family moved into the old Congregational Parsonage on Granville Hill. There I learned other things about snow: whenever there was a blizzard — and there were plenty of them in the early '30s — snow sifted in around my bedroom window and made a neat pile from the window sill to the floor.

I had looked forward to sliding down Granville Hill ever since I arrived in town. When the moon was out enough to see by, men and boys — girls on a few occasions — gathered at the top of the hill with rips and Flexible Flyers. Flexible Flyers were sturdily built and

had a unique steering mechanism which allowed the sled to flex in either direction over 45 degrees; rips were made of two, steel-sheathed, wood-runnered sleds attached by a plank wide enough and long enough to accommodate a half-dozen warmly-clothed adults, sitting up. Rips were ungainly to look at and to handle, but were honed for speed. Some were steered by feet and ropes, others were more sophisticated and had steering wheels.

In those days, when no salt was used on the roads and very little sand, after the sun went down, snow that would have thawed in the sunshine froze solid. There was almost never a car on the road at night then, which made steep hill roads a slider's paradise.

At first, after I moved up onto the hill, other fellows and I slid down the first hill singly, dragging our feet to stop so that we didn't have so far to walk back. My first slide all the way down into Granville from the Center was no doubt exciting, but it was so unexceptional that I don't remember who I rode with or how far we went, though I do remember that we went past Gibbon's Store, and the drop in the road there provided enough momentum to carry us another quarter-mile or so, down to Water Street. My next ride was my last slide down all of Granville Hill, as I had no kind of death wish.

Granville Hill drops off steeply from the top, in a quarter-mile-long, slightly rightward arc, after which it curves slightly to the left where it flattens for a second-in-time, then resumes, dropping more sharply, in another longer, rightward arc, veering again, slightly, as it drops past Nestrovich's, and then on down past the store.

One bitter cold night when there was hardly any light, six of us and two Flexible Flyers were going to tame the hill, sliding "belly-flop

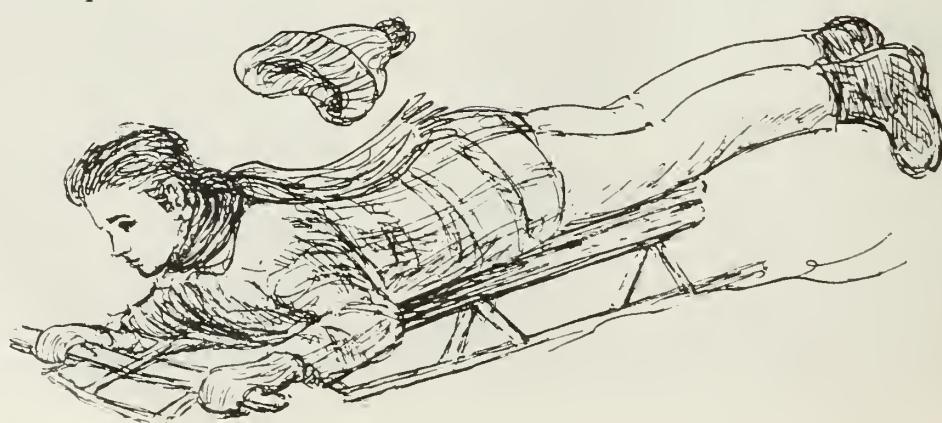
— one on top of the other — about 450 pounds of ballast. Thorliev Petersen was on the bottom, steering the sled to which I was assigned. I was in the middle and Willard Tryon was on top of me, reaching past me to hang onto the side of the sled. The snow in the road that day had been churned up more than usual by automobile chains, and the mess they made had frozen solid after the sun went down.

The first load of three took off and, after a respectable wait, we followed. We lost our breath at once, and also all feeling in our fingers. I couldn't believe the punishment we were taking from that rough ice, Willard on top of me, trying to hold onto the sled, pounding me with his weight at every jounce and he and I together pommeling Thorliev on the bottom. We whizzed down the first, steepest part of the hill, the sled flying almost at the speed of sound from one bruising bump to the next. As we swooped around the corner past Galego's and started down the second slope, ahead of us, where Nestrovich's Fruit stand now is, was a light in the middle of the road. A one-eyed car we had to avoid hitting on one side or the other? Thorliev dodged to the right of the light and stopped dead against a snow bank. We passengers kept on going, right through the piled-up snow, ending heaped up together at the foot of one of those huge maple trees. Now — fifty-five years later — as then, I know we should have been killed, but no one was hurt. As anticlimax, we discovered that the light was a flashlight dropped by the first sled because the fingers of the fellow holding it had gotten so cold he couldn't hold it any longer. The first sled finished its run with no problems.

Thorliev recently reminded me of two other expeditions, among hundreds over the years, when he was able to out-fox his mother and get out to do the hill. On one trip, Harry Christiansen and he were riding belly-flop, Harry on top. At one of the corners — whether by Galego's, on the first hill, or Nestrovich's farther down — Harry lost his grip and went catapulting off into space. He continued sliding on the seat of his pants, until there wasn't any. By the time he stopped, his bottom was completely exposed and quite a lot the worse for wear; snow is nice and soft as it falls, but when it gets crusted over so that it's great for sliding, it compares to grade-one sandpaper.

On another occasion, a girl Thorliev was going with, who worked for Herb Hiers, suggested that they borrow Herb's rip for a moonlight slide. Herb willingly lent it to her and her friends — three fellows and two girls. When they got to the top of the hill with the rip they discovered that no one knew how to steer it, which deterred them for only a moment's reflection. Before they reached the bottom of the hill, however, the driver lost control and the rip hit snow piled like a wall beside the road. The crash threw everyone in different directions, and everyone landed hard, far out into the road or into icy snow-banks — except for Thorliev: he landed on something soft — his girlfriend.

Thorliev also tells of a fellow in Chester who went under a trailer truck lengthways. Any town in New England where the hills are steep had tales to tell equal to any pleasures and thrills their grandchildren know today.



Peter Gibbons

1730-1824

by William S. Hart

The historical room of the Granville, Massachusetts Library is a wealth of bits and pieces about the old families that were the first proprietors when the original community was called Bedford Plantation.

Some person took the time to transcribe the old handwriting of our subject and I obtained a copy of a letter written when he was ninety-two years old.

The letter is copied here with all of its grammatical flaws. I am impressed how well a person born in 1730, with a minimal of education, was able to express himself.

"A short narrative of my life. My father was an only son and he lived in Boston and he was a ship joiner and got his living by his trade. He married Elizabeth Warren who was my mother. They had two children, a son and a daughter, the son died when he was a child before his father died. My father catching the smallpox died with it and left my mother pregnant with me which was about Christmas 1729.

"My mother taking the smallpox had it very hard but got well and went from Boston to her father's in Waltham where I was born the 9th of April 1730 which was about three months and a half after the death of my father.

When I was about six months old my Aunt How came to visit her parents soon after she had lost her sucking child and having no other child she took me and brought me home with her and suckled me six months longer and became mother to me and I always called her mother. She was a kind mother to me and so was father as kind, he kept me in his care until I was almost 17 then he bound me to John Bradish in Hardwick to learn the trade of tanning and shoemaking. When I was 16 father sold his farm in Westborough and moved to Brookfield and let me out for that summer to a farmer in Westborough where I broke my ankle and became a cripple and so I lost the summer. In the fall I went to him to Brookfield, he had agreed with Bradish to take me as an apprentice. I went to him in Jan.

24th 1747. My sister dying the December following I was left alone, no more of the name left but my mother and she lived in Boston. I am so slow and blind, I make a great many mistakes, my mind runs faster than my pen. But to proceed. When my time was out with Bradish I worked at shoemaking the main of the summer and the fall I was married to Sarah Green sister to Bradish's wife, and father How gave me 12 acres of land in Hardwick from a lot of land he had joining to Bradish's land and gave me timber to make a hued log house and allowed me to get rails to fence my land and shingle timber to shingle my house and a shop which I built afterwards and when I went to Brookfield to visit them I was never sent home empty while they lived and had I not a kind father and mother? and their children have used me as a brother and make me presents and come to visit me and write to me those that are yet living and had I not kind Brethren and Sisters? Well, after I had built me a small home I went to work at my trade the main of the time and gained property so fast that when I was six and twenty I thought I was doing well and gaining property so as to be forehanded and was going to set up tanning the next spring but old Serjeant Church coming to Hardwick the winter following invited me to come and settle this lot and I refused it but he got my wife engaged to go into the woods and then both of them worried me out and got me to yield

to come and settle on this rocky mountain and that just undid me and when I got here I was as poor as poverty itself. I was deceived by the old man. He told me that he knew to be false in recommending the land to be better than it was. However, I had got into the woods and a howling wilderness it was. No roads in no direction to lead anywhere but by marked trees. The first summer I had to hire my team work when I could get it and sometimes it came to nothing, and when it did well the vermin of the woods destroyed half of it, no other field for them, and so I worked at shoemaking to support my family for a number of years. But I kept clearing my land yearly and I gained slowly and in about eleven years I built a 26 feet barn and I cut hay and grain enough to fill it, and had stock enough to eat it and in fifteen years I built me a house so that I lived in it and kept a finishing it and adding to it as I was able and I got to live tolerably comfortable and ride a good horse and not wear myself out running afoot as I used to do, and my boys began to help forward business and my stock increased both cattle and horses. But the Revolutionary War was coming on put a check to my business. My boys instead of helping me I had to support them in war, and I was crowded too much, but I lived it through and in the year 1780 I was surveyor of highways and obliged to keep the roads open so as people could travel or pay a fine, and that made some of my district angry with me, but I got along through with that job and in the year 1780 I spent ten days and I did no other work. The snow was kept blowing into the path and I kept them a treading till it was full and then it blew over the path and then I had no more trouble with it, and in the year 1782 the town put me in constable and made me collect them two great which the mob party was so much against paying, but I got through with that job too and I am alive yet, but it cost me five years trouble but I lived it through that time also, and I am still living and in good health. But I met with some frowns in Providence. In the time of the Revolutionary War I had got so forehanded as to own two pairs of cattle, one pair four years old and the other three years

old and in eight months I had but one ox. One three years came to the door in February and found a wilted turnip and that killed him and the man that said he could clear him killed him in the operation, and in September the boys went to bring out the oxen and I told them not to bring them through the orchard but they did not mind me, and a man stood there and said he could slip the apple into his mouth and I let him try and he made such a violent push as to put the apple where we never could find it till after the ox was dead, then we found it crowded under his jaw. I bought another ox to mate the ox that was left. So I had a yoke of oxen and two horses and so I had a small team and so I got along, and after that I kept a team until Eli undertook to take care of me, and then the land which was in the few years reduced to twenty acres which I hold yet and intend to hold it as long as I live for Eli takes no care to save it. I have to take upon credit all I want except my victuals and I have chosen a man to care for me, and I expect he will be faithful to me. I have found him so yet."

I hope the foregoing will make you reflect on how difficult it was in those days. There was another transcription from a letter written by this Peter Gibbons, in his ninety-second year, to his daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Gibbons, wife of Jedidiah Gibbons, June 30, 1822.

"I will write to you some remarks which I remember. First the French War which began in 1745 and ended in 1763 when the French lost all their possessions in North America. The cold winds and deep snows, called by the Fathers the hard winter, and the scarcity that followed the next summer for want of provisions, almost a famine.

"June 17, 1745 The taking of Cape Britton with three thousand New England men, by Gen. Pepperal.

"June 18, 1749 The hot Sabbath day, the hottest day ever known here.

"Sept. 8, 1755 The battle at Lake George and the French General Deskon was wounded and taken prisoner and his army retreated with their loss.

"Nov. 18, 1755 A great earthquake in New

England.

"May 15, 1756 Peter Gibbons came to Gran-
ville.

"A great drought no rain from May till Sept.
1761.

"Feb. 5, 1770 The massacre in Boston.

"Feb. 21, 1773 The cold Sabbath day.

"May 19, 1774 A cold snow storm, which
killed the woods and orchard as dry as winter.

"June 17, 1775 The Battle at Bunker Hill.

"April 19, 1775 The Battle at Lexington.

"Dec. 26, 1776 The Hessians taken at Tren-
ton.

"Oct. 17, 1777 The taking of Burgoyne's
army.

"May 18, 1794 The great frost which killed
the fruit and greatly hurt the rye.

"Dec. 14, 1799 General Washington died.

"May 18, 1780 The Dark Day, the darkest
day ever known her.

"1780 The cold weather and deep snows
which caused the Army to suffer for want of
provisions and clothing.

"Oct. 19, 1781 The taking of Cornwallis and
his army.

"March 20, 1801 A great flood which carried
off many mills, mill-dams and bridges.

"June 6, 1816 Cold and high winds and a
great frost which make ice thicker than glass
and a cold summer followed it no ripe corn
on our mountain 1816 a memorable year, I
repeat is 1816. 1819 A great flood at Blanford,
Norwich and Westfield which carried all
before it, both mills, mill dams, bridges,
houses, hay, corn and land onto one
prodigious ruin.

"July 26, 1819 The more greater flood at the
Katskills the water destroyed much more
than it did at Norwich.

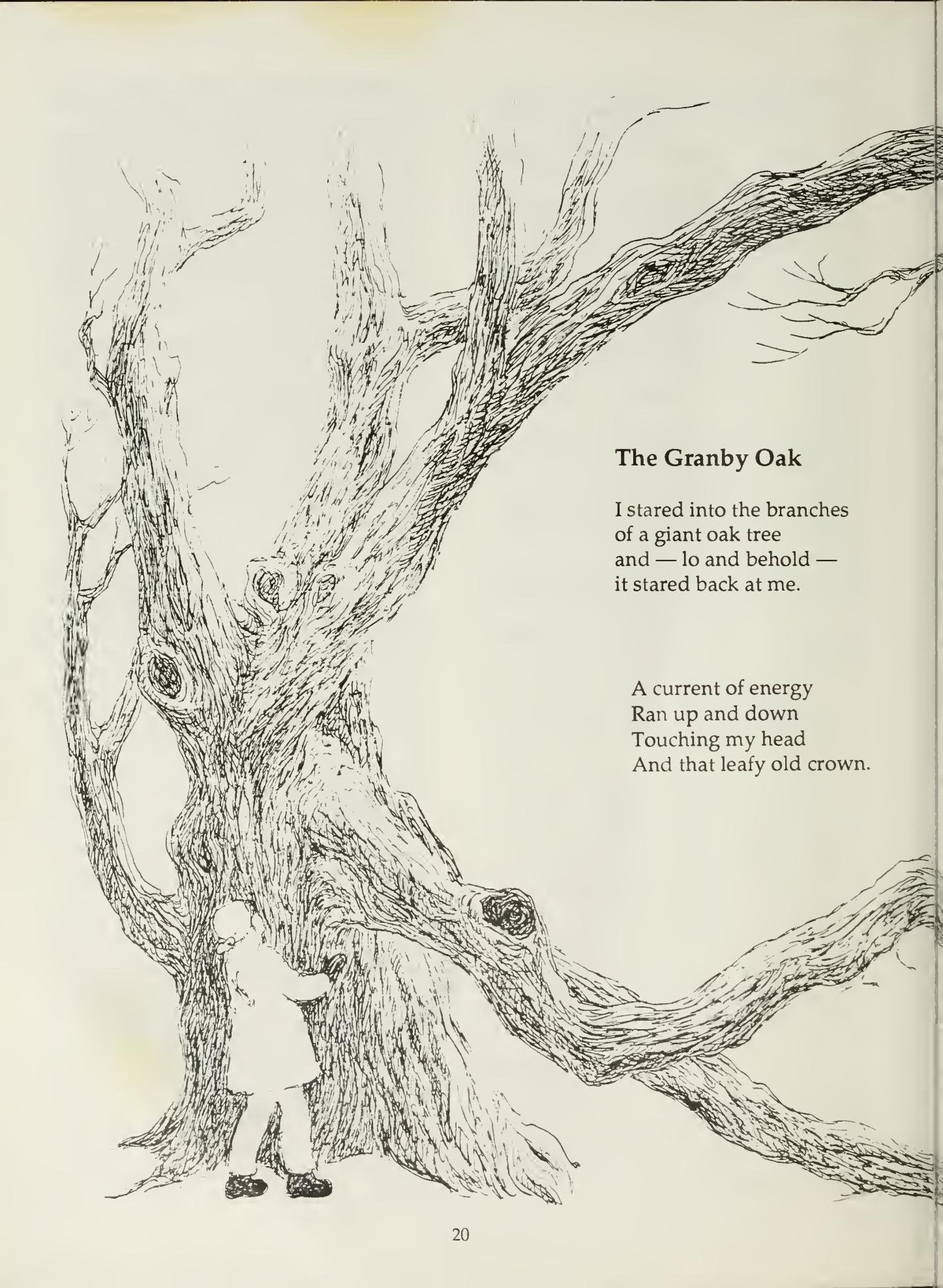
"Jan. 24, 25, 1821 Low extreme cold days.

"Sept. 3, 1821 A shower of rain from the
South-east with a strong wind which beat
down the corn, threw down the fences, over-
set cow-houses, and shook down apples.

Peter Gibbons"

*After reading through the foregoing and getting the
feeling of the spirit of those times I can only reflect on
how fortunate we are to live in the 1990s. I feel a debt
of gratitude to those hardy forebearers.*

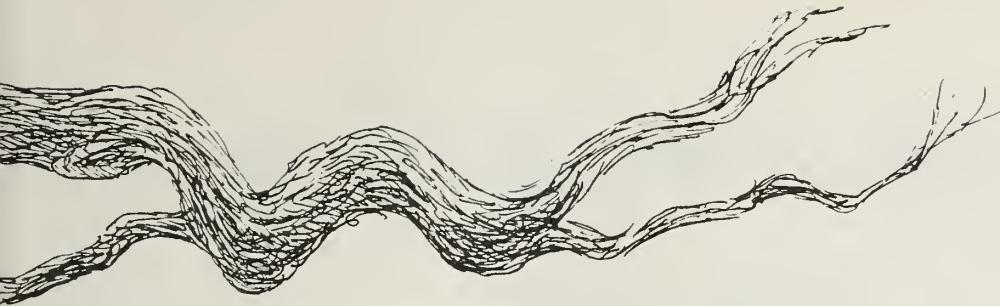




The Granby Oak

I stared into the branches
of a giant oak tree
and — lo and behold —
it stared back at me.

A current of energy
Ran up and down
Touching my head
And that leafy old crown.



The magic transcendent
Surely will be
A bonding forever
Of this oak and me.

—Margaret L. Gunn



The Diary of William H. Shaw

1863-1864

PART IV

Nov. 1st. 1863. Sunday. In the forenoon, brigade review and inspection. Charlie here, in the evening I called on him.

Nov. 2nd. Our division reviewed by General Sedgewick. It looked fine. Our Company went on picket in the afternoon.

Nov. 3rd. On picket duty. Like it when all is quiet. Wrote home and to Julia.

Nov. 4th. Still on picket duty. Moved camp a little ways out on the Salem Road.

Nov. 5th. Still on picket, but will be relieved to-night by another company. Received letters from home, Frank, Horatio, and Mr. Dana.

Nov. 6th. Off picket. Went over to see Charlie. Let him read some of my letters.

Nov. 7th. Broke camp at Warrenton. Marched to Rappahannock Station, had a sharp fight with the enemy. Drove them across the river, captured 1200 prisoners and 7 pieces of artillery. Many rebels were drowned while retreating across the river. General Sedgewick had command of the army a few days at this time.

Nov. 8th. Up at 4 o'clock, a.m., and marched to Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock River. Halted at 9 o'clock, for breakfast and remained there through the day. The 3rd Corps took a rebel train of cars today loaded with supplies.

Nov. 9th. Still on the road acting as a reserve and doing picket duty. The rest of the troops are over the river feeling out the enemy.

Nov. 10. All quiet. Letter from Mr. Guilford.

Nov. 11. All quiet. Charlie has been here. Received papers from home.

Nov. 12th. Marched to Hazel Run, went like lightning, making but two halts. Have our tent up, but probably shall not want it but a few days.

Nov. 13th. All quiet.

Nov. 14th. Beautiful day. Nothing new. Detailed on fatigue duty at the General's headquarters, arranging his tent. In the evening a heavy thunder shower.

Nov. 15th. Sunday. Cold and rainy. Heavy firing in front. Do not know what it means. Later have found out about the firing. The 3rd corps have taken the heights beyond the Rapidan River with a brigade of rebel prisoners. We are nearly drowned out last night in our tent.

Nov. 16th. Cold and cloudy. Regimental inspection this afternoon by Captain Young of the 2nd Rhode Island Regiment. Brother Charlie here in the evening talking over old times.

Nov. 17th. Received letter from Julia, answered it and wrote to Herbert and Francis.

Nov. 18th. All well today. Charlie and I wrote to cousin Deborah Snow.

Nov. 19th. Fine. The regiment paid off today. Received a letter from Julia's brother Wallace (who was in the 8th Connecticut Regiment,) and answered it.

Nov. 20th. Had corps review by its commander, General Sedgwick, which was very fine. Wore our overcoats and almost were roasted. Russian officers present.

Nov. 21st. Cold and rainy. All quiet.

Nov. 22nd. Did not move today on account of the rain, road so bad, but expect to move

tomorrow. Received letters from home and Julia. Am not feeling extra good to-day.

Nov. 25th. Beautiful day. On the march. What a day for Thanksgiving at home? Wish I could be there. Crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford at 10 o'clock, p.m., and halted for the night. It was cold.

Nov. 27th. Morning cold. Lying still in line of battle. 4 o'clock, p.m. has been heavy firing by the artillery all day, and now the musketry has command in earnest with grape and canister. At 6 o'clock p.m., have driven the enemy 2 miles. Many men on both sides cover the ground.

Nov. 28th. Up at 1 o'clock, and off for some place. Marched until 7 o'clock, a.m., then halted for breakfast, (which usually consists of salt pork, hard-tack and coffee,) near Chancellorsville. Off again at 9 o'clock in the rain and mud. Went up to the front. Picket firing, but no general engagement on account of the rain. We passed an old foundry used by the rebels for casting shells.

Nov. 29th. Sunday. Cool. Off at 6 o'clock, a.m., all excited. We expect a great battle today. Went to extreme left of our line to help the 2nd Corps, but no engagement.

Nov. 30th. Up early. Marched to the front. Formed in line of battle, was sure of a big fight today. They had one at the right of us. We had nothing but picket and artillery firing. While lying in line of battle waiting for the signal gun to sound, for us to charge on the enemy's works, the boys were busy marking their clothing in some way by putting their names on it. For we all seemed to feel we would not reach the enemy's works alive. We well knew if we made the charge it would be a desperate one. I never saw the boys in just such a mood before when they were expecting to make a charge. It was terrible cold and we knew a wounded man could not live long. That might have had something to do with our feelings. I went on picket line. A soldier on a post next to me, on my right, when I went in the morning to call him off, I found him frozen to death. We were so near the enemy we could not

move in the least without a bullet being sent at us by the enemy's pickets.

DECEMBER

Dec. 1st., 1863. Tuesday. lay in the woods all day and rested with quiet. Not a gun fired all day so far. General Meade has been having a consultation with his corps commanders and they decided it would be a useless slaughter of lives to try to dislodge General Lee from behind his heavy entrenchments. At 8 o'clock, p.m., we started on the retreat, marched all night.

Dec. 2nd. Fine day. 7 o'clock a.m. have just recrossed the Rapidan at Culpepper Ford, have marched 26 miles since last night at eight o'clock, the men are all very tired. At 12 o'clock, noon, have just started again. Went 12 miles and halted for the night. Have marched 40 miles in 18 hours with but one halt.

Dec. 3rd. Marched back to our old camp near Brandy Station, commenced putting up tents. Here we remained sometime before building winter quarters.

Dec. 4th. Pleasant. All quiet. Resting today. Cleaned my gun. Have orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Do not think it will amount to much.

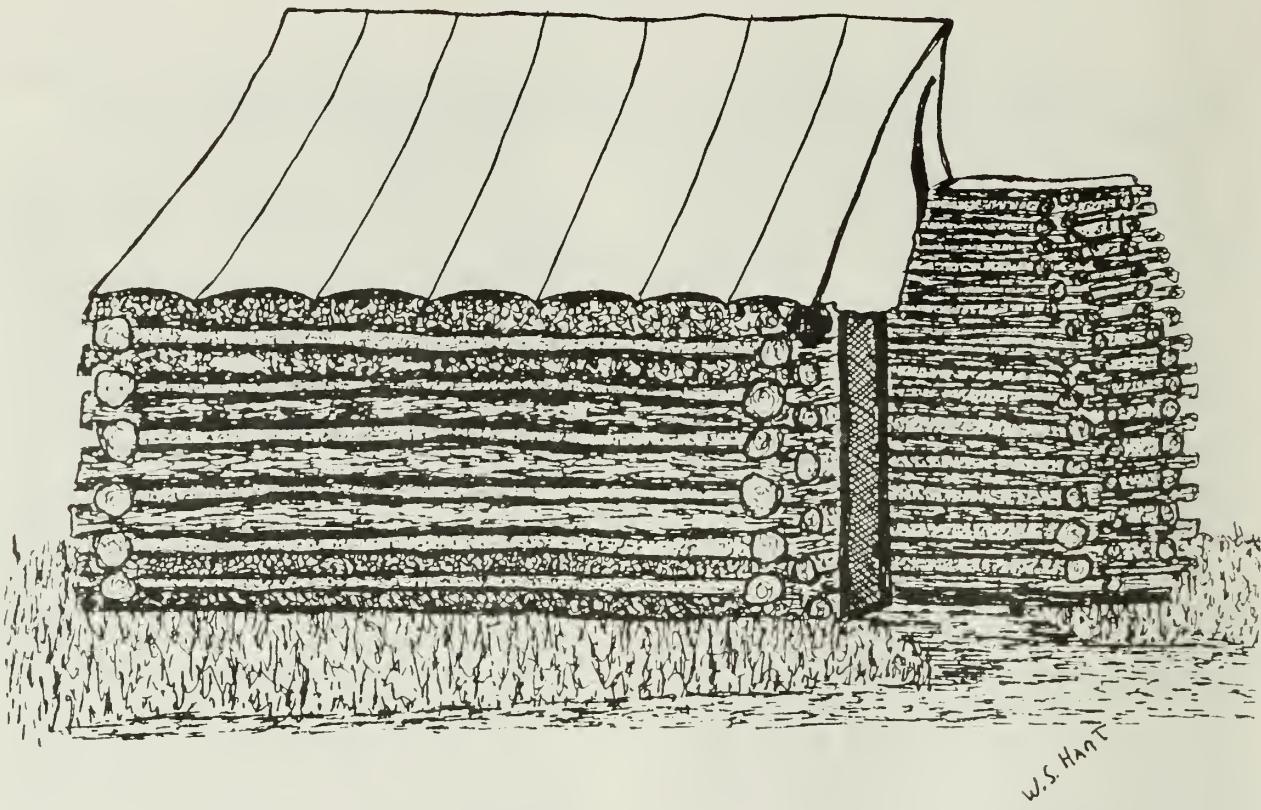
Dec. 6th. Sunday. Clear and cold. Letters from Julia and Adeline Shaw. Went over to Charlie's and had supper with him. Had baked beans and brown bread and butter. Charlie at this time was in the quartermaster's department.

Dec. 7th. Clear and cold. Moved camp a little ways for winter quarters. Comrade Sheldon and myself have now been at work on our shanty, as have all the rest. Received letter from home.

Dec. 8th. Clear and cold. We have worked on our house all day, a genuine log house, but have not finished it yet.

Dec. 9th. Still at work on our house. All well.

Dec. 10th. Finished our house today and it is warm and nice. The chimney is built of small logs chinked in with Virginia mud. Have a little fireplace and chimney, for a roof we used our shelter tents and tied them on.



"Finished our house today and it is warm and nice. The chimney is built of small logs chinked in with Virginia mud. Have a little fireplace and chimney, for a roof we used our shelter tents and tied them on."

Shall write to Julia this evening.

Dec. 11th. Put a door on our house. Now it is all ready for winter if they will let us remain here.

Dec. 12th. Rainy. Loitering around camp and cleaning up generally. Charlie called and brought me some plum pudding. Made me think of home.

Dec. 13th. Sunday. A beautiful day. Charlie came and invited comrade Sheldon and myself to dinner. Had sweet potatoes, plum pudding, with sauce, (quite a change from army rations) so much for being in the quartermaster's department.

Dec. 14th. Heavy thunder shower. Wrote to Horace, Adaline and Julia.

Dec. 15th. Fine. Had a corps review, long letter from home. Charlie here. I enjoyed having him come.

Dec. 16th. Cold. Had brigade inspection and dress parade, the first one since leaving New York.

Dec. 17th. Cold and rainy. Wrote to Julia, Herbert, Adeline and Francis. At night went on guard in the rain.

Dec. 18th. Fair. On guard. Wrote to Elijah and Minerva.

Dec. 19th. Had shortcake for supper. Letter from sister Louise and answered it.

Dec. 20th. Sunday. Clear and cold. Morning inspection.

Dec. 21st. Clear and cold, all quiet in camp.

Dec. 23rd. Another cold day. I am detailed to go on picket last night and almost froze. The men were relieved every hour to keep from freezing. I did not sleep any, but stood by a fire.

Dec. 25th. Morning fair, but cloudy before

night. On picket today. All quiet as usual.

Dec. 26th. On picket today, but shall be relieved in the afternoon. Afternoon returned from picket to camp. Glad to get in my little log house again.

Dec. 27th. Rainy. All well. Charlie here this morning. 7 p.m. still raining.

Dec. 28th. Raining. Sent to Francis for a diary of 1864. Another year almost gone. How many have been taken, yet I am spared.

Dec. 29th. Beautiful day. Went with a squad of men into the woods to cut wood for the regiment. Received letters from home and brother Wallace Allen.

Dec. 30th. Fine and warm. Called on Charlie. Found him at work on his shanty. Has it nearly finished and it is a nice one.

Dec. 31st. Very rainy. All quiet in camp. Another year has gone, and many with it, both old and young, for death is no respecter of persons. I am thankful my life has been spared through all the dangers that have threatened me and may I be mindful from whence all blessings come in the future. Good-bye, Old Year.

1864

JANUARY

Jan 1st. 1864. Fair day. All is excitement in camp to-day. Expect to march but do not know what is up. Sheldon's box came today and it is a good one. He does not know what to do with it if we move. Received letter from Julia announcing the death of our little girl, Edna. God's will, not mine, be done. Wrote home and to Julia.

Jan. 2nd. Fine but cold. Brought a lot of wood from Wheaton's old camp that was left there when they moved. Fixed our cabin a little.

Jan. 3rd. Sunday, a beautiful day. On guard. Wrote to Wallace and Elijah.

Jan 4th. Cloudy and snow. Charlie called.

Jan. 5th. Rainy day. Doing next to nothing. Bought a pair of shoes. Sold my old boots. Had my knapsack repaired.

Jan. 6th. Pleasant. On fatigue duty. Building

horse sleds.

Jan. 7th. Cold and cloudy. Brought a little wood. Charlie here in the evening.

Jan. 8th. Fine day. Did my washing. Three inches of snow fell last night. No mail today.

Jan 9th. Fine. On guard. Went up to see Charlie in the evening. Received letters from Julia, Adeline Shaw, Louise and Webster Nash.

Jan. 10th. Sunday. Still fine. Morning inspection. Wrote to Julia

Jan. 11th. Winter's day.

Jan. 12th. Warmer.

Jan. 13th. Fair, all quiet. Fuller of Co. A died last night. Was sick but a few days, slowly but surely going. May we all be prepared when our time comes.

Jan. 14th. Fine. Company drill one hour each day, until further orders.

Jan. 15th. Fine. Called on Charlie.

Jan. 16th. Fine. All quiet in camp. Letters from home and Mary Laramore.

Jan. 17th. Sunday. Some cloudy. Morning inspection as usual. Wrote to Julia. Letter from Francis and a diary for 1864. Charlie here to supper. Dr. Richards and others have just arrived from Cummington. Also Andrew Babbit of Windsor. Very glad to see them.

Jan. 18th. Rainy. Went on picket in the mud. Had a hard time getting out there, but was comfortable after arriving at the post.

Jan. 19th. Cold and windy. On picket. Four of our company and two of the Rhode Island on duty with me. Saw a few rebel horsemen at a distance.

Jan. 20th. Fine day. Still on picket and all quiet. Shall be relieved tomorrow. No mail today, as cars ran off the track.

Jan. 21st. Was relieved from picket to-day, when I got back to camp found long letter from Julia awaiting me. Answered it and sent her a paper.

Jan. 22nd. Fine. All quiet. Wrote to my friend Webster Nash. To-day, comrade Vinica, the Captain's cook, went to the railway station and bought a barrel of apples, paying \$14

for them. He is now going through the camp selling them for five and twenty-five cents. At night he had twenty dollars for his barrel of apples.

Jan 23rd. Still fine and warm. Cleaned my gun and equipment, ready for inspection tomorrow. Charlie called twice today.

Jan. 24th. Sunday. Fine, warm as May. No frost in the ground and not muddy. The chaplain held a meeting in the new chapel. Morning inspection as usual.

Jan. 25th. Another fine day. Company and battalion drill. The first battalion drill since we left New York.

Jan. 26th. Fine and warm. Dug up a large white oak stump in front of our tent. Had a good time at it.

Jan. 27th. One more of those fine warm days. Grubbing stumps in our company street. Brigade parade. Wrote to Julia.

Jan. 28th. Still fine. Policing camp. (men detailed to clear up all around.) Went on guard. Charlie went back to his regiment from quartermaster's department.

Jan. 29th. Same. Charlie's and my box arrived from home to-day. How thankful to receive it and all the good things it contained. It reminded us so much of home and the many happy hours we had spent there in our boyhood days, but how quickly flown. Right here let me say: that we are receiving soft bread now and have been for some time. It comes to us by the trainload fresh every morning. One loaf to a man, and that had to last the three meals. What a luxury! Cold mornings the cars came into the station, the bread steaming. It is then taken to the different regiments in army wagons and issued to the boys immediately. The government has immense baking ovens at Alexandria, Va. where they use from 600 to 800 barrels of flour every twenty-four hours, working day and night without a halt. Wrote to father and mother.

Jan. 30th. Cloudy and damp. All quiet, cleaning up for inspection tomorrow. Wrote

to Mary Laramore. Charlie took supper with me.

Jan. 31st. Sunday. Wet day. Company inspection. Quiet for a Sabbath in the army, and it seems good.

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1st. 1864. Damp day.

Feb. 2nd. All is quiet. Heavy thunder shower in the evening with sharp lightning.

Feb 3rd. Cold and windy. Had a spelling school at the chapel in the evening. We had a large tent where Mr. Morse, the chaplain of our regiment held religious services on Sundays, and prayer meetings on some week day evenings. The tent was used for entertainments of different kinds. We had debating clubs with some good speakers and spelling schools, etc. For outdoor sports we had baseball, wrestling matches, quoits. For games cards, checkers, backgammon, cribbage and some others. There was some gambling with cards, especially after payday. But taken as a whole, the morals of the army were very high.

Feb. 4th. Cool and windy. Detailed for fatigue duty today. Received letters from Julia and Mr. Dana.

Feb. 5th. Battalion drill.

Feb. 6th. Damp day. All excitement in camp, received orders at 3 o'clock, a.m. to pack up and be ready to move at 8 o'clock. The rebels were on this side of the Rapids. We did not go, but other troops have been on the move all day. Heavy firing in front. Musketry sharp at night. Do not know what it will amount to, but it is bad for the wounded to lie on the field as it rains hard.

Feb. 7th. Sunday. Fair. No news from the front as yet. Cannonading on our right this morning. Wrote to Julia, Almaretta Thomas and cousin Almon Mitchell. Our troops took 1060 prisoners yesterday. All very ragged. Some of them sounded glad they were captured.

Feb. 8th. Fair. All well and quiet in camp.

Feb. 9th. Horace Collier died last night in the hospital. (He had three brothers in the army, two of them could not endure the hardships and died in a few months.) He was buried today, and so they keep going, whether in camp or on the battlefield. Last night the rebels surprised our pickets and captured one sergeant and seven men. I had a letter from Julia, called on Charlie in the evening.

Feb. 10th. Fair. A few recruits arrived today. Three for our company. The men that re-enlisted left for home today on a twenty-five days' furlough.

Feb. 11th. Wrote to Julia and Francis. Went to call on Charlie. He had gone on picket. I remained to the lyceum.

Feb. 12th. Fine day. No drilling today. Getting ready for inspection tomorrow.

Feb. 13th. Sunday. Windy. Morning inspection. Wrote to Elijah and Minerva. Evening Charlie called. Coming in from picket, snowing, had brigade review today.

Feb. 16th. Clear, cold and windy. Our company on guard. I am sergeant. How fast it grows cold!

Feb. 17th. Very cold. Went on picket. Suffered with the cold. Did not sleep any. Spelling school in camp tonight.

Feb. 18th. Another cold day. Still on picket. Received letters from Julia with her photograph, also letter from John.

Feb. 19th. Not quite as cold. Still on picket. Letters from Almon Mitchell and sister Louise.

Feb. 20th. Warm and fine. Relieved from picket this morning and returned to camp. Cleaned up ready for inspection tomorrow. Paid Mike Manning fifty cents for fixing my pants.

Feb. 21st. Sunday. A beautiful day. Attended church. Heard an excellent sermon from the chaplain of the 4th Vermont Regiment, Rev. Mr. Mack. Charlie was here and went to church with me. Wrote home and to Julia.

Feb. 22nd. Pleasant. All quiet. Washington's birthday. Held meeting in the chapel in honor of it, had a good meeting. Brigade band playing at headquarters.

Feb. 23rd. Corps review by General Sedgewick.

Feb. 24th. Pleasant. All quiet in camp. Charlie called.

Feb. 25th. Officers and privates together played a game of ball. Received letter from home and Julia and Adeline Shaw. Evening I went over to see Charlie. Remained to the Lyceum. A good one. Charlie was one of the debaters.

Feb. 26th. Windy and dusty. Received letters from Elijah and Minerva. Received orders to march in the morning with four day's rations. We had a good lyceum. Charlie over.

Feb. 27th. Broke camp at nine o'clock, a.m. and started for Madison Court House (only the 6th corps) went as far as James City. 10 miles. Hard march it was. So warm and dusty. The boys were tired and footsore. Our regiment went on picket.

Feb. 28th. Sunday. Cloudy and warm. Started again today. Reached Robinson's river and halted until we could bridge it, then our brigade went over, went a mile and then halted in line of battle for the night. The Jersey brigade went to the court house.

Feb. 29th. Cold. Still lying in line of battle. The cavalry started on a raid last night, feeling out the enemy. Hope they will have good success. Firing in front, we lay quiet all day.

MARCH

Mar. 1st, 1864. Rainy. We shall have mud enough when we go back. We are lying still here. Expect the cavalry back today. 6 o'clock, p.m., snowing fast, but we packed up and moved back across the river in mud and darkness. The river was rising rapidly and we were afraid our bridge would go off, so we went back across the river. One of our new recruits just from Boston is climbing up the bank in the mud, which was nearly a foot deep. Stepped out of a new pair of boots, but

could not stop to pull them out. If he had he would have been trampled to death. He had to march back to camp about twenty miles in his stocking feet. As fast as one pair wore out, some comrade would give him another pair and sometimes he had on two pairs. We halted in a large field, stacked arms and the order was given to make ourselves comfortable for the night. What an order! (We thought) with three inches of snow on the ground, dark as could be, and not a tree or fence rail to be seen. To stop here overnight without a fire meant freeze, so comrade Sheldon and myself started out to see if we could find a rail fence. After going about one-half mile, we met some of our boys coming in loaded down with rails. We got our load and marched back to camp and built a big fire. Spread our rubber blankets and laid down to rest with our feet towards the fire. It was not long before there were thousands of fires burning all around us.

March 2nd. A beautiful day. Started back for camp with the Negroes and prisoners the cavalry brought in, besides destroying much rebel property. Had a hard march back to camp, it being very windy, and the distance 25 miles, but we all got in, tired, lame and footsore. Letter from Julia.

Mar. 3rd. Another beautiful day. Cleaning up for company inspection.

Mar. 4th. Fine day. All quiet. Wrote home. Lyceum in the evening.

Mar. 5th. Cloudy. Charlie over here. Wrote to John, Horatio, and Herbert.

Mar. 6th. Sunday. Fair and cool. Wrote to Mr. Guildford, home, and to Julia.

Mar. 7th. Warm. All quiet in camp. Had company and battalion drill.

Mar. 8th. Rainy. Wrote to cousin Almon Mitchell. Received letter from Julia.

Mar. 9th. Beautiful day. Co. F gave our Co. D a challenge to play a matched game of ball with ten on a side. Did not finish the game, but expect to do so tomorrow. Had a good spelling school, and excellent paper read, got-

ten up by the regiment. Charlie was over here to attend.

Mar. 10th. Rainy. Finished the ball game. We were beaten 16 tallies to 52, but we had a pleasant time and lots of fun.

Mar. 11th. Very wet day. In the evening went to the Lyceum. Had a good time. Charlie here. We wrote home and to Finley Bates about helping father until Charlie goes home as his three years will be up in June.

Mar. 12th. Fine. Our company on guard today. Received long letter from Julia and one from her brother Wallace who was in Co. K 8th Connecticut Regiment.

Mar. 13th. Fine. All well and quiet in camp. Came off guard. Charlie came over and we went to church. Received a letter from my friend Almaretta Thomas, wrote to Julia.

Mar. 14th. Lieutenant Edward's wife come. Battalion drill.

Mar. 15th. Had a snow squall. Skirmish drill by the company. Evening, Charlie came over. Wrote to Frank and Wallace.

Mar. 16th. Cold and windy. Evening, Charlie here and we went to the spelling school, also had a temperance lecture.

Mar. 17th. Pleasant. Division review, went over to see Charlie and went to Lyceum. Letters from home.

Mar. 18th. Had inspection of quarters, cleaned all up. Myron Taylor of our company died this morning at one o'clock, buried today with military honors. Lyceum this evening. Charlie here to attend.

Mar. 19th. Beautiful day. Letter from Julia.

Mar. 20th. Sunday. Inspection. Wrote to cousin Deborah Snow. Some recruits came to the regiment today. Mr. Hitchcock of Springfield came to our company.

Mar. 23rd. Clear and cold. Six inches of snow fell last night, the most we have had this winter, but it is leaving today.

Mar. 24th. Pleasant. Went on picket, out three miles. Most of snow gone today.

Mar. 25th. Cold and cloudy. Still on picket.

In the afternoon it commenced raining. Rained all night. Did not sleep any. Had a very disagreeable night. Daniel Lathrop of Longmeadow came after the body of Myron Taylor.

Mar. 26th. Still on picket.

Mar. 27th. Sunday. Beautiful day. Relieved from picket duty and returned to camp. Found letters from Julia and Louise with their pictures. Charlie here and we wrote to Julia and Louise.

Mar. 28th. Warm. Wrote to father and mother.

Mar. 29th. Called on Charlie.

Mar. 30th. Wrote to Adaline Smith.

Mar. 31st. Cloudy. Had target practice by the regiment, Co. C making the best shots. Went over to see Charlie and remained to the Lyceum. Letters from Julia and Louise. Also from Finley Bates. Charles Ely was taken sick today with small pox and was sent to the pest house. William Thompson was sent to care for him.

APRIL

Apr. 1, 1864. Cold and rainy. Our company on guard. I am sergeant. Charlie here this evening and went to Lyceum. Had a good one. Wrote to Julia and Louise.

Apr. 2nd. Cold and stormy. First snow, then rain which makes plenty of mud. The paymaster has arrived and paid off part of our regiment, and the boys are feeling well, for some of them have not been paid for six months. He will finish the payment of our regiment tomorrow. Relieved from guard this morning. Charlie gone on picket.

Apr. 3rd. Sunday. Have been paid off today.

Apr. 4th. Cold and rainy.

Apr. 5th. Cold rainstorm. Charlie still on picket. Guess he will think it rather tough. Received letter from Julia and answered it.

Apr. 6th. Fair. Called on Charlie. He came over and had dinner with me.

Apr. 7th. Fine. Had target practice today. Fast Day in Massachusetts. Charlie came over. Letters from Julia, Louise and Webster Nash.

Apr. 9th. Cold and rainy. Charlie here. We

wrote to Horatio and wife.

Apr. 10th. Showers. Charlie here and we wrote father and mother and to Julia.

Apr. 11th. Fair. All quiet.

Apr. 12th. Brigade review. Had to brush up for that. Received letters from Julia, mother, Herbert and wife, Mr. Dana, and William Robbins.

Apr. 13th. Company drill. Called on Charlie.

Apr. 14th. Had target practice. May, the sutler (cook who ran a private shop in camp) sold his goods at auction today, as all the sutlers have to leave the army. Charlie was auctioneer. Received letters from Francis, Elijah, and Minerva.

Apr. 15th. Cloudy. The 5th Corps reviewed by General Grant.

Apr. 16th. Rainy.

Apr. 17th. Sunday. Windy. Morning inspection as usual. Charlie over and took dinner. William Kingsley returned from his furlough.

Apr. 18th. 6th Corps reviewed by General Grant. Made a fine appearance. Letters from Julia and George Perkins. Evening called on Charlie.

Apr. 19th. Fair. Had target practice, wrote to Julia and her mother and to William Robbins. This morning King, of Company F, was caught by the chaplain opening the mail and was arrested. It was found he had some money from some of the letters. He was marched through the streets with a brand on his back with the words on it: "I am a contemptible thief. I robbed the regimental mail."

Apr. 20th. Cool. Called on Charlie. Our regiment and 7th Massachusetts had a matched game of ball, the 7th beat. Letters from Julia, Francis and Horatio.

Apr. 21st. Fair. Did my washing. Our company on guard.

Apr. 22nd. Beautiful day. All quiet at camp, but played ball, Co. H and K, Co. K winning. Fuller of our Co. half-soled my boots. Wrote to Julia.

Apr. 23rd. Warmest day of the season.

Apr. 24th. Sunday. Another warm day. Morning inspection. Wrote to father and



William H. Shaw, 1863

mother.

Apr. 26th. Fine. All quiet. Charlie gone on picket.

Apr. 27th. Fine day. Nothing to do, but play ball, read, and write letters.

Apr. 28th. Fine. The officers of the 37th and 10th regiments played matched game of ball, the 37th winning by large odds. Went to the 6th Vermont regiment to see my friend Edward Spear. Long letter from Julia.

Apr. 30th. Fine day. Rumors of moving. Great ball game between the 10th Massachusetts and 1st New Jersey regiments. The 10th came out 20 tallies ahead.

MAY

May 1st, 1864. Sunday. Beautiful day. Would like to be at home and go to church.

Knapsack inspection this morning. Our company on guard.

May 2nd. Fine. Letters from Horatio and Lucy.

May 3rd. Wrote to brother George.

May 4th. The bugles called us from our slumbers at two o'clock this morning. Pack up! Pack up! went sounding up and down the line. The army is going to move. Got up, prepared a hasty breakfast, packed knapsack, took the shelter tents off the roof of our log cabins for we must have them. Then came the decision that all must make (officers and men alike) what shall we take and what to leave for the colored people and natives. So much had accumulated during the winter that could not be taken along. Most of us came right down to bare necessities, for we learned

the year before that we could not march and carry heavy loads. At 4 o'clock, a.m., we broke camp and started. Good-bye old camp, you have served us well through the winter, was said by many. Our winter camp at Brandy station was a model of its kind, regularly laid out streets, each company occupying one street, ten companies, therefore ten streets. The log cabins on each side usually occupied by four men. Company officer's quarters were at the head of each street, the whole being kept perfectly clean during our stay in camp. It was conceded by all that it was one of the best regimental camps in the Army of the Potomac.

As long lines of infantry (reaching miles) in many columns marched along, what a splendid sight! their burnished guns glistening in the morning sun. Then came the artillery thundering along, the long wagon trains also, with their white tops. All was a sight never to be erased from one's mind. We marched toward Fredericksburg crossing the Rappahannock at Germania Ford, on two pontoon bridges. Went on four or five miles and halted for the night. We had a hard march and many of our boys fell by the way. I am well except a bad cough. Charlie well.

May 5th. Warm day. We advanced in three lines of battle. Met the enemy in the woods, and had a terrible battle. Neither side gaining any ground. Our brigade was in it and lost many men. Charlie was wounded. A bullet through his ankle. That was the last of his fighting. He soon after got his discharge. The 10th Massachusetts lost many men. We lost a few. S.L. Niles and E.P. Hadley of Co. D were wounded.

May 6th. Hot. We attacked the enemy again today, pushing their right flank back one mile. Our regiment was in it and lost 150 men, our company losing 20, five killed. No advantage gained on either side. John Hyde, Daniel Currie, George Clark, and John Smith and George Wilcutt were killed, also our color bearer, Fields of Co. F was killed. Corporal Hooker of

our company was one of the color guards. Picked up the flag and carried it until the close of the war. He was made sergeant. George Clark fell against me and across my feet, spattering me with blood. I could not stop to look at him, but kept on sending the shots at the enemy as fast as we would load and fire. They were but a few rods in front of us at this time, and in great numbers, and in ten minutes drove them back to a line of breastworks where we held them. In ten minutes our regiment lost 150 men or so of 600 that went into the fight. They fell thick and fast around you. The battlefield of the Wilderness was in a very thick underbrush. It took fire at this time and burned up 300 of our wounded which were unavoidably left on the field. About noon we made another charge, drove the rebels back a short distance, but we had to fall back again.

May 7th. Saturday. Morning cloudy. Last night our corps moved to the right and now are lying in line of battle. Have been marching back and forth and building rifle pits, and much fighting, but a lot of work done. Fighting on another part of the field. At 5 o'clock p.m. I was detailed to go to the surgeon's tent where they had been at work for 36 hours. There I saw large piles (several cartloads) of hands, arms, feet and legs, and a detail was made while I was there to bury them.

May 8th. Hot day. Marched all of last night and am doing the same today. This afternoon had a fight with the enemy near Spottsylvania Court House. How hot to fight, many being sunstruck. Our Colonel was one of them. We took one regiment of rebel prisoners today.

May 9th. Hot again. Lay in the line most of the day. Building rifle pits and supporting a battery of eight pieces. At one time the rebels were advancing and was very near when the captain of the battery gave the order to load and fire as fast as possible. I timed them and they discharged one gun three times every minute, making twenty-four shots a minute from the battery which sent the enemy back in a hurry. Some hard fighting in this engage-

ment. S.C. Bryant was wounded and died in a few days. S.P. Fuller wounded, taken prisoner and died in Andersonville prison, both of our company. At night we went on picket. General Sedgewick, commander of the 6th Corps killed this morning by a rebel sharpshooter while adjusting the line of battle. The sharpshooter had been sending some shots toward the General and his orderlies. The orderlies had been doing some dodging, when the General said, "What are you dodging for? They could not hit an elephant at that distance." The words had hardly left his lips when a bullet struck him under the eye, killing him instantly. No officer of the Army of the Potomac stood as high or was thought as much of by officers and men alike as General John Sedgewick. He always went by the name of Uncle John. On the march he was always right along with the boys, looking after their welfare. Where he lead they would follow and with perfect confidence. His last night of life was passed among his faithful soldiers, like them sleeping upon the ground without tent or blanket. To sum it all up, the boys of the 6th corps almost worshipped him. General Sedgewick's adjutant says of him when his death was reported: "Each one in that tent, old and grey bearded warriors, burst into tears and for some minutes sobbed like children crying for a father. They built a bower of evergreen among the pine woods and laid him out upon a rough bier made for him by soldier hands, and all day long there were strong men weeping by the funeral couch. They came from all parts of the army, the old and the young, the well and the wounded, officer and men to take their last look at their beloved chieftain. Many thousands of brave men who composed that army were familiar with death in all its forms. Not once, not twice had they beheld strong men stricken unto death. Not once, not twice had they beheld men of high rank, in high command, fall amid contending hosts. They had perhaps grown hardened and indifferent

to what was necessarily of frequent occurrence and the common expectation of all, but when the news went that day like an electric shock along the lines of the Army of the Potomac that John Sedgewick was dead, a great loneliness fell upon the hearts of all, and men that hardly ever heard his voice, many that scarcely knew him by sight, wept bitter tears as if they had lost an only friend, and all recalled how on many occasions, hearing on right or left of the war, the thunder of hostile guns, all anxiety passed away from the minds of the men at the simple remark, "It must be all right, Uncle John is there."

May 10th. Warm again today. Terrible fighting all day. I am on the skirmish line, and I am thankful to God I am yet alive, while thousands have fallen. We have carried the enemy's left flank and they are falling back. We took 3,000 prisoners. Edward Burt of our company wounded today.

May 11th. Wet rainy day. Nothing doing with us, lying still and resting. Wrote to Julia. Just at night fell back a little and halted for the night.

May 12th. Rainy. We charge on the enemy's works at three o'clock a.m. Drove them out and held the works, taking 4,000 prisoners and 20 cannons, 30 stands of color, one major general, two brigadier generals, and several colonels. Hard fighting for twenty-four hours, as General Lee said he would retake the works if it took his whole army. So they made charge after charge, marching up only to be mowed down by our guns. General Lee wanted to lead one charge in person, but his corps commanders persuaded him not to. Some of the enemy finally got up to the opposite side of the works. They would put their guns over as far as they could and fire and we was doing the same. We had ten men in the works to their one, so only a few got up so near. We kept this up for twenty-four hours without a stop or rest, with nothing to eat or drink, unless we chanced to have water in our canteens. There was an oak tree twenty inches

in diameter standing in the works which was entirely cut off by bullets striking on our side of the works. About 11 o'clock at night (some histories have it,) that it fell on the enemy's side, but it is not so, as I viewed that tree in the morning and noticed the top cut into shreds by minnie balls. The trunk of the tree is preserved in the War Department at Washington, as a memorial of the terrible struggle at the Angle. This battle is called the Bloody Angle of Spotsylvania. After the enemy had retreated and it became daylight, I got up on the works and went up and down looking over the enemy's side. What a sight to behold their dead and wounded literally piled on top of one another, some of the way you could not step between them. The groaning and appeals for help were heartrending. I could not look in their faces any longer, so I jumped down on our side again. Many of them were in water several inches deep where the dirt had been dug out to build the breastworks. It had been raining for twenty-four hours. One of the party detailed to bury the dead told me that they buried 3,000 of the enemy by piling them up like cord wood along under the works and then throwing dirt from the works on them.

May 13th. Friday. Cloudy. Our brigade fell back, being relieved and we are resting today. We need it. For we have been fighting twenty-four hours without a halt. Evening, went up to the front wet and rainy. Wrote to Julia and Francis.

May 14th. Still raining, and knee deep. Up before daylight. Packed up in the rain and were off. Marched around to our left and formed a junction with the 9th corps, have stopped not to make coffee, our bread consists ofhardtack now. This is my birthday. 31 years old today.

May 15th. Sunday. Still rainy. We keep crowding the enemy on their right flank. Gained the heights beyond the river Rapidan last night. Digging rifle pits today. S.C. Bryant died today.

May 16th. Still wet. Have not moved yet.

Afternoon cleared off warm, it had been quiet all day. The army resting. Wrote to Julia, John, Herbert, and Elijah, heard from Charlie. He is better.

May 17th. Warm. All quiet today so far. At night the 6th Corps went up to the right. Marching all night.

May 18th. Warm day. At four o'clock, a.m. we made a charge on the enemy's left, but not driving them. They being behind strong fortifications, we lost many men. Corporal Holbrook and George Bisbee wounded. Our corps moved to the extreme left of our line. The rebels' shot and shells cut off many of the fine trees over our heads. A few of our regiment taken prisoners.

May 19th. Cloudy. We advanced the left of our lines as far as possible and now we are fortifying. Received mail for the first time since leaving camp. Our corps having three army wagon loads. It came in large sacks, letters from home.

May 20th. Pleasant. All well and quiet today. Wrote to Julia and Horatio. Just resting. Which we all so much need as the boys are all very tired. We have had continual marching and fighting since we left our winter quarters at Brandy Station 25 days ago. Our regiment has lost over 200 men out of 600 men by bullets and marching, and the Army of the Potomac has lost 40,000 men. At night went on picket. The line was very heavy as much so as a line of battle, about 1,000 men on the line, under a major of a Vermont regiment, and a captain from our own regiment and one sergeant, which was myself. All was quiet through the night and part of the next forenoon. We expected to be withdrawn in the morning and rejoin the army as usual, when on the move, but for some reason we were not. Some thought we were left on purpose. Others said it was a mistake, however, we remained on picket all day and that night. About 11 o'clock, a.m., I heard the enemy in our front, but a short distance from us. I could hear the commands of their offices putting the men in line of battle and knew very well they

were going to charge on us, so I thought I would look up the major and captain who were in command of the picket line. I went from one end to the other twice but could not find them on the line. The boys heard the rebel officers giving their commands and knew as well as I did what was going on and what was to be, and were inquiring, where the major and captain were. I said I cannot find them. The boys were uneasy and some were frightened and said we would be captured. A few left us and pushed on after the army. I kept going along the line and giving the boys all the encouragement I could, telling them to keep cool and take good aim as soon as the enemy should come out of the woods where their lines of battle were formed. We were beyond very strong breastworks with a head log on top and heavy slashing in front for five or six rods. I knew that before they could work their way through there we could lay out some of them. About 1 o'clock, I heard the command, forward march. (The boys heard it as well,) and we knew they were advancing. I went over the line again, telling the boys to keep cool and take good aim. Don't waste ammunition but let them have it. Soon they came out of the woods and then we opened on them in earnest. Twenty of the rebels got over the works and we took them prisoners, as soon as they saw a number of guns pointed at their heads and we all shout "surrender!" which they were glad to do. There was a captain jumped up on the works where I was and as he did so, said, "Come on, Joe, come on, Tom, here they are." My gun with others was pointed at his head in a second, saying, surrender, which he did with the other two men. The battle lasted about one hour when the rebels were glad to retire to the woods again. I asked some of the prisoners how many men they had, and he said three brigades of North Carolina troops. Putting their brigade at the smallest they must have had 5,000 men and we had about 1,000. At night, we buried our dead (which were few) digging their graves with our bayonets and tin plates. The rebels must have crawled up

and taken their dead away in the night as we did not see anything of them in the morning. About ten or eleven o'clock at night I heard low whistling down in the slashings and wondered what it meant. I spoke to one of the boys about it and said I thought some of the Johnnies (as the name given the rebels) wanted to give themselves up and I was going down to the breastworks and see. Comrade Charles Babbitt said if I did they would capture me, and that I should not go alone, so he went with me. We went down and the Johnnies continued to whistle. I says, boys what do you want? They said we want to give ourselves up. I says, how many? They says, seven. I says, is that all? They says, yes. Then I said, lay down your arms and only one advance, and only one. They did so, and soon they were crawling along through the slashing (which was not an easy task.) When I thought he was almost up to the breastworks I halted him, asking if there was more than one. He said no, then I told him come over the breastworks. I took seven in the same way. The morning following, which was the 22nd, I took my command and started to find the army. After marching six or eight miles, in passing a small house, who should come out of it but our major and captain, who had deserted their commands the morning before when fighting looked sure and left me to see to it, which I did. The major took command and we went on and caught up with the army. My company were surprised to see us as they heard that we were all captured. In this battle there was a Vermont soldier who stood at my side who was killed, falling against me. His first words after being hit were: Mother did not want me to come. Then speaking to his comrade says: Harry, won't you write to mother and tell her all about it? Send her my picture and then he mentioned some other little things and was dead before he was through talking. I laid him down off me and the fight went on.

(to be continued)

Genealogy Can Be Fun

By Alice Britton

If someone asked you if you knew what your grandparents' names were, where they were born and lived, could you come up with the answers?

The study of genealogy can be fascinating. As you search and find each person on your family tree, it is like putting a picture puzzle together. Each piece falls in to form the whole.

At the antique shows, I always peruse the dealers who have old post cards for sale. I have a nice collection of local pictures which reveal so much old history. And you might ask what do antique post cards have to do with genealogy?

Several years ago, when the antique dealers were at the Desota Mall in Bradenton, Florida, I visited with one such dealer. He had originally been from this area and made a

circuit of antique shows, ending up in Florida for the winter.

I picked up several cards of Old Granville and he had this one card with five beautiful children on it. The inscription on the back said Theodor Meyer's Family. I bought it and thought maybe I could find someone who belongs to these children.

I am sending this card to Stone Walls. If any of the Meyer's family can identify this photo as their ancestors, I will gladly give it to them.

It might be just the piece of their family puzzle that they have been searching for and will make someone very happy.

Anyone interested can contact Stone Walls, P.O. Box 85, Huntington, MA 01050-0095



GENEALOGICAL QUERIES

Would like to correspond with anyone who might be descendants of any of the following people: Orsemus G. Chapman, William Chapman (brother of Orsemus killed at Antietam 9/17/1862), or William????? All men were believed to have been in the Russell, MA area during the 1850s and 1860s.

Brad Pearson
2 Temple Place
Andover, MA 01810

Looking for information on Mary Wood born Norwich, MA, daughter of Joseph Wood and Marilla Weeks (born Westhampton, MA). Mary was born some time around 1862. She had a sister Emily or Emma who married a Charles Tatro of either Chester or Blandford, MA, also believed to have had a sister Bertha and a brother James plus two other sibling. Mother Marilla Weeks Wood was still alive in 1900 according to Census, and living as a border in someone else's home. Where and when did she die, and what happened to her husband and children?

Huntington Historical Society
430 Worthington Rd.
Huntington, MA 01050

Am interested in hearing from descendants of any of the following men who were all brothers: Zenas, Jehiel, or Joseph Mitchell. Would also like information on parents of Jane Louisa Thomas, believed to have been born in Blandford, MA.

Ms. Janis Schultz
701 Kerry Lane
Azle, TX 76020

Would like to hear from anyone who is descendant of Lydia Lindsey Niles who married to Ebenezer Niles.

Grace L. Knox
190 South Main St.
West Hartford, CT 06107

Would like information on Asa Porter who came from Danville, VT to Norwich, MA, married there first in (1800) Martha Williams and second in (1810) Eunice Dimock,. Was he the son of Asahel Porter of Woburn, MA?

Mrs. Jerry Barnes
6652 East Bird Rd.
Byron, NY 14422

Looking for information on Sophia (Stevens) Pratt who married David Dodge, family bible says she was born in Norwich. Was it Norwich, MA? Was she a daughter of John Stevens?

Dorothy H. Marsh
37 Maebeth St.
Springfield, MA 01119

Looking for information on James Rankin who was believed to have lived in Chester, MA at one time in middle 1850s, also his brother, Joseph, who died in Springfield, MA, in 1841. Both men worked for the railford when it was being built. Joseph was a contractor.

Also wanted, any information on Robert Hunter and his wife Mary Mc Lallan, who were living in Huntington, MA in 1871.

Mrs. Thelma Wells
Frost Rd.
Washington, MA 01223

Winter Day by W.S. Hartz

The countryside looks drear and cold
with leafless trees so bare.

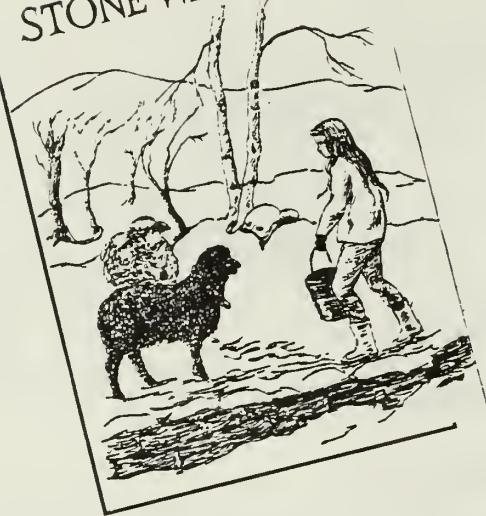
The weathered barns stand out so bold
and snow is everywhere.

The only motion that is seen
is water in the brook,
which, at this time, appears so clean
and has a chilly look.

The tree limbs gray, with purple tips,
stand stark against the sky
and as the sun just starts to dip
some whitish clouds drift by.

The brilliant moon will soon appear
to light the nighttime sky,
the stars will shine so very clear,
a Winter's day goes by.

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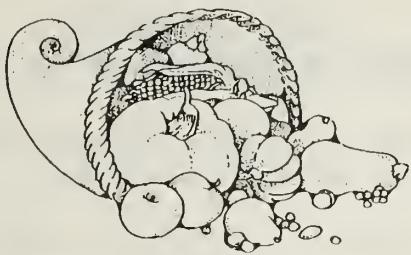
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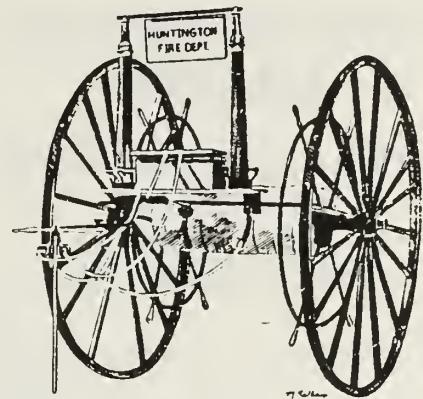


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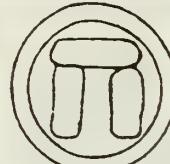
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